

The Vigilante

A MONTHLY PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE
SUMMER SESSION "WE COME IN SEARCH OF TRUTH" VOL. II, No. 5

DEDICATION

To our Friend who has left us to work in the Field of Eternity, we reverently and lovingly dedicate this paper, which we hope reveals a few of the teachings he gave us.

By Archibald B. Anderson

Through the death of Dr. Frederic Burk the San Francisco State Teachers' College loses a great president and the state and country a virile educational thinker. A man of boundless energy and tremendous will power, for over thirty years he gave himself unstintingly to the cause of public education with a persistent optimism and hope that through those efforts this earth might be made a better human habitation.

He was a great teacher and was able to stimulate others to thought and action. Not only did his influence reach the students of the institutions he administered, but the faculties of the different institutions he headed came under the spell of his great leadership and learned from him that very rare human quality of translating thought into action. I have seen a class of high school pupils all aglow waiting for him to start the lesson, and I have watched members of a teacher college faculty hurrying to lay aside routine duties in order to get to a room where he was scheduled to do some lecturing or teaching.

His ability as an executive will be readily recognized when it is remembered that he administered a growing teacher training institution under almost impossible housing conditions; and a note of pathos is added in the fact that just at his passing the institution which he loved and for which he worked so strenuously completes the first unit of a new building program.

He brought to teacher training a stimulating point of view. He thought of the schools and education at all times in relation to a busy, throbbing world, and he wanted to train teachers who were able to teach boys and girls life. "Teach them life that they may be living men among the living."

His conception of democracy and the relation of education to democracy is contained in the Ritual of the Guild Service of the college. "The master key of democracy plainly is an education, not to enable might to seize for man dominion over fellowman, but to establish justice, that human motive be cleansed of selfish greed, that oppression be lifted from the weak, that right shall rule over all the earth."

Not only did he believe in democracy, but he practiced in season and out the idea of true and heartfelt service. It was the keynote to his ideas of teacher training. He was teaching as a great missionary carried on only by people whose hearts were in

the work. In carrying out this ideal of service he evolved and developed the Guild Service, hoping that through this students in training might be stirred by the Ritual to higher ideals of service to womanhood, childhood, and the State.

A great leader has left us, but may we not take hope from that inspiring quotation, "There goes out from the man who means execution a spirit which outlives the most untimely ending."

MEMORIES

For those of us so fortunate as to have been in Doctor Burk's philosophy class there is a memory of fruitful hours with one of the profoundest minds and clearest visions of our time. While discussing many questions under the Doctor's leadership, we felt the depth and far-sightedness of his argument, and admired his impartial attitude toward all debate that flourished with vigor in the group. We never left without some poignant thought which he had given us to take away. These subtle suggestions opened gateways that led into many paths radiating in every direction and reaching into new ways and unexplored fields. Every hour in the class was a new experience, not only for the students, but also for those members of the faculty who could spare the time to visit. They, too, found

in Doctor Burk a profundity that they perhaps had not dreamed of, and a deeper insight into their thoughts than they had been able to perceive before.

We who have had only a touch of his inspiration and power, realize that even this slight contact has "shown us light and taught us a better way."

"He's gone,

I do not understand,

I only know that

As he turned to go,

And waved his hand,

In his young eyes a sudden
glory shone,

And was dazzled by the sunset
glow,

And he was gone."

All we were able to see in him was "the waving of his hand," and the glory from his eyes, but also we could feel the glow that there must be. He is gone, but his light will still live on for us to see, tho its glory may dazzle us with its "Sunset Glow" of depth and height and breadth of vision.

CARD OF THANKS

"Let me thank you most sincerely for the kindly message of sympathy sent by the Student Body, which I deeply appreciate."

This note from Mrs. Frederic Burk was received by our Student Body President.



Courtesy of Bruce Brough

A GLIMPSE OF DOCTOR BURK

In the Normal school days of a decade ago, when the faculty was much smaller than it is now, it was the pleasant custom of the half-dozen men on the staff to foregather for luncheon on Saturdays. It was on these occasions that I became acquainted with the purely human side of Doctor Burk's versatile and extraordinary personality.

Like all true humorists, he relished a joke on himself. In such a spirit he once told us how he came to take up those graduate studies that finally led to the master's degree at Stanford and that of Doctor of Philosophy at Clark University. He reached the conclusion, it seems, that the study of psychology would lead him to a miraculous formula of human nature. And so he spent six months studying German, that he might read a pamphlet in that language, which a professor of philosophy told him contained the key. But he failed to find the key, and went to Stanford in search of it. A year's exploration in psychology failed to disclose it, but he was informed that at Clark University, if anywhere, the mystic talisman would be found. Still hot on the trail, he departed for that famous seat of learning and spent another two years in "dissecting human brains." He then gave up the pursuit and became a school teacher.

He wanted to bring education down to the lives of the people. To do this, he bitterly assailed the formalism, the pretense, the stratification that seemed to be sapping the life-blood of the schools. This was a fight in which he at one time stood almost alone in the West. In it he was unwavering and uncompromising. What he thought, he said in terms that no one could misinterpret. Of course he made enemies, as all men do who are of the temper of fighters. But he clung to his ideals and fought on through discouragements and antagonisms that would have taken the heart out of any but the strongest man; and he lived to see the day when most of the things he stood for were recognized and accepted among educators.

I do not mean to say that Doctor Burk alone remoulded educational thought. He did much to accomplish this, and his service will be more and more recognized as time goes on. He was one of those whom we describe as ahead of their time. He was of the stuff of prophets.

Doctor Burk hated anything that was static. Things must be kept moving. But above all, the intellect and the spirit must be kept in motion. Because a thing is good enough for today, it is not necessarily good enough for tomorrow. Like Bergson, he recognized that change, evolution, is the only permanent reality. Because of this, he was frequently accused of inconsistency. When men caught up with his thinking they were frequently piqued to find that he had

abandoned his ideas for more advanced ones. They could not grasp the philosophy of this, which was, after all, simple enough—as simple as Whitman's naive confession of progress: "Do I contradict myself? Very well, then, I contradict myself."

In the nature of his intellectual processes, Doctor Burk always reminded me of the master whom he most revered. I hesitate to say the name for fear of hyperbole, but I mean Socrates. He used that same method of logical analysis, that same discursive induction, and the same habit of leading his followers to grasp and formulate the conclusion for themselves. In other ways he reminded me of Stephen A. Douglas. Each was brilliant, tireless, resourceful, dynamic. Like Douglas, Doctor Burk was ever a fighter, stubborn and enduring in his purposes, and a foe always to be feared and respected. But in certain traits Doctor Burk reminded one of Douglas' great antagonist, Like Lincoln, he had a wonderful penchant for story telling. He was always illustrating his points and explaining his purposes with apt and well-told anecdotes. A deeper trait, so strong in the great Lincoln, was also prominent in Doctor Burk's character. I refer to that touch of the feminine, that gift of sentiment, which drifted through his personality like a gentle atmosphere. This was the inherent poetry in his nature which gave to his appreciation of life a romance to be envied. Its consummation was the Guild.

A man of rugged character, high ideals, rare philosophical insight and attunement with the beauty of life, he will endure. I do not hesitate to predict, as one of the remarkable characters in American educational history. P. F. Valentine.

DOCTOR BURK

A Light on Education's horizon,
A Guide on the dark Sea of Ignorance,
Leading us onward and upward—
Up through the depths and the shadows—

To the never-ending Sunshine—
The Sunshine of Understanding and Wisdom.

Where ever-lasting Peace is afforded
To all who arise to its glory.

A Leader in Truth and Enlightenment,
A Lifter of Humanity's burden,
A Teacher for those who aspire
To the things that are ever above us,
A Helper for those who are struggling
To grasp his ideals and visions,
Our Leader, Teacher and Friend,
Whose spirit is constantly with us,
Lighting the Paths of Understanding,
Leading to the Glory of Wisdom.

Gladys Scott.

SHARPS AND FLATS

Girls! Maybe we can't have an orchestra, or two or three choruses, but we can have a Glee Club. Now wait—just a minute—this hasn't exactly been set-

IN MEMORIAM To Doctor Burk

There is a veil that hides from sight
great scenes,
And highest dreams, and perfect
plans;
And only for a few this veil draws
back a little,
Revealing that for which men seek,
and strive, and hope.
Such was he—so near to truth, so
nobly planned,
So sublimely deep, so kind of heart,
so clear of mind,
That when he sought, the veil was
drawn

And he beheld those treasures of the
mind and heart
In vision fuller than revealed before.

And, with these high, pure treasures
in his soul,

He turned unto the world to show
his light—

Light where men were sleeping in the
dark and feared

Lest light might mean much struggle
for an end

Too hard to struggle for, too bright to
see it clear;

Light to those who lived in shadow,
nor could bear

The Glorious riches of the torch he
held;

Light to those who knew not of a
veil,

Who scoffed and mocked, and called
his vision folly.

Yet, with his treasure, tho' around him
foes—

Even those whom he had tried to
save—

He trod almost alone, or fought thru
ridicule

With only those who strove to reach
beyond the veil

Beside to help him, and receive the
vision from this seer

Who held such thoughts, such perfect
plans, such better ways.

Thru years of hard discouragement
and pain,

He wrought his way, unto the end,
with spirit high,

But body broken, in beloved work.

And then he went, his glorious task
begun,

To rest from all the weary aching
toil—

But here he left to carry on his
torch

Those who have followed in the way
he led,

To send it out until its glow shall
pierce

The dark of education and transform
it into light. —Ada Aebli

tled yet, but we can have it if we really want it. This is up to you. In the next issue there will be a definite announcement concerning the Glee Club.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Do you know why
There are fairies?
Or why there exists
A Fairyland?
I'll tell you, grown-ups:
The heart of childhood
Cannot understand
The heart of man—
Its hatred and greed,
Sorrow and care;
Nor the world that man
Has planned from these,
So in innocence
It creates a realm
Where goodness is,
And love and gladness,
There dwell the children;
And from their laughter
That ever rings
Throughout that realm
Are born the fairies—
Those joyous beings
With rainbow wings,
Who whisper secrets
That keep the heart
Young and true,
Thus childhood finds
A safe retreat
From strife and care,
But comes a time
When Fairyland
Must vanish;
And the heart grow hard
Lest it be broken
In the world of men,
Need this be?
There was a Friend
Of all the children
On the earth,
Of all the hosts
Of children to come,
Who saw a world
Of Love and Service
Where men might live,
Had they childlike hearts,
In that future day
When the world he saw
Takes the place
Of the world men know,
Then will the children
No longer need
Fairyland
Or fairies.

(Signed) Tinker Bell.

WELCOME, AUGUST, '24

The heartiest of welcomes is extended to you, our new friends who entered August 18. We want to tell you that we're certainly glad you have brought with you your sunny smiles and laughter. Among other things that you have brought to us is a new spirit of cooperation. From the enthusiasm you have shown, many happy days spent at S. F. S. T. C. are predicted. Best wishes, class of August, '24.—The Student Body.

NEW W. A. A. PRESIDENT

A very capable girl was chosen to fill this office of W. A. A. President, on Thursday, August 14. Loretta Penn's election was unanimous. Success to you, Madame President!

STAFF OF "THE VIGILANT"

Editor Irene Resler
Associate Editor Gladys Scott
Business Manager Dorotha Schaeffer
Associate Business Manager Bertha Joseph
Literary Kate Mercado
Athletics Dorothy Taggart
Social Mary Jane Garrison
Faculty Yolanda Yetter
Student Body Merle Boyce
News Marian Pechart
Dramatics Marian Brune
Music Alberta Rennie
Training School Marjorie Tobias
Faculty Advisor Mrs. Myers

IN MEMORIAM

California mourns the passing of Frederic Lister Burk, president of the San Francisco State Teachers' College from its foundation until the date of his death. The loss to education occasioned by his demise is no ordinary loss. Wherever thinking men gather for the discussion of the shortcomings and possibilities of education, the silence of Dr. Burk will, for many years, be a subject for comment and regret. For Dr. Burk was recognized in Europe and in the Orient, even more than in America, as a leader in educational reform.

At a time when crowd-thinking was the rule, Dr. Frederic Burk dared to be the exception. In all his life he sought the truth and the principles of life rather than the approval of his fellows. Like Jacob of old, he wrestled with any stranger he met until he got whatever blessing he had to bestow, then passed the blessing on without money and without price to those who felt the need of it. However, no plan or purpose ever was expressed by him that did not bear his individual stamp. For Dr. Burk was individual, unique in character, a man who preferred to stand alone. He was a challenger of accepted opinion in educational matters. He sought to uncover the basis of such opinion, to analyze the reasoning on which the opinion was predicated, to discover the truth or falsity of the opinion itself. Like Socrates, he was a questioner. He did not accept the established order as divine.

He built up an institution that is unique. It is not like any other teachers' college in America. It could not be, because it is a reflection of Dr. Burke and his philosophy of education. It stands for individual training. It seeks to preserve the best in the old-time school and combine it with the new. Dr. Burk sought to give genuine equality of opportunity by devising a plan whereby each pupil in the training school should progress as fast as he could according to ability and inclination. He inveighed against the "lock-step" in education—that vicious and un-American system which chains the weak with the strong, the dull with the bright, the dolt with the genius, the lazy with the ambitious, the quick with the dead. And he actually endeavored to achieve a solution of the problem. He was too sincere to see and define a problem, then fail to do anything about it. Letters to me from England and elsewhere inquiring about his school show that his work was not wasted even though some of his neighbors may be inclined to question the results of it. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

Dr. Burk's life song was a medley rather than a one-theme, one-key solo. He changed the tune, the time, the tempo, the key, whenever it seemed to him proper to do so. Sometimes this disposition to change brought him into conflict with his fellows who couldn't follow him. However, there ran through the song a sincerity that could not be challenged. It was the song of a man who was not afraid.

Dr. Burk has passed on, but his work will live. Throughout the future, the individual pupil will have a better chance because of the work of Dr. Burk. Achievement of immortality of this kind is indeed worthy of a devoted man. For Dr. Burk a grander requiem will be chanted in the years to come.

WILL C. WOOD.

Courtesy of Western Journal of Education.

NEW CLASS

Miss Crumpton gives the following information: More than two hundred new students entered August 18. Many have transferred from other Teachers' Colleges, Mills College and the University of California. A number of experienced teachers also registered with this new class. One new student has come all the way from British Columbia. There are a few from Indiana, Pennsylvania and Oregon.

With such a large class of such willing workers, can this semester be other than successful?

TRAINING SCHOOL NEWS

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! And on Monday morning, August 4, the John Muir School opened with a bang. It has been a very busy time for the supervisors and for someone else. I wonder if we can all guess who? Miss Carter, of course. Could the Training School go on without her always there to help, to encourage, to participate in all activities and special class work?

Yes, special classes have already started. And such enthusiasm has never prevailed. Extra dramatic teachers have been called to aid in the rush; the art classes are busy remodeling old masterpieces; the music classes are hard at work.

Everyone is busy helping—but, listen girls, we can help much more than we are helping. You know, when the bell rings in our part of the building for the dismissal of classes, can we come out of the rooms just a little more quietly? If you don't believe we make much noise, just step into one of the Training School rooms some time and you'll find that when the children are quietly working, our thoughtlessly sharp voices penetrate their very ear. Let's stick to our motto—"Cooperation and consideration for the rights of others".

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"

Sh! Here's a secret! Maybe it will be and maybe it won't be! But we are planning a surprise for the new girls.

Where? New Gym across the way.

Who? Student Body and maybe Shapiro's orchestra.

What? Eats and—?

When? Soon!

NEW MAGAZINES

The Library has subscribed to several more magazines. Go and look them over. You're sure to see something you're interested in.

The "Literary Review", published weekly by the "New York Evening Post", is especially interesting for its Literature and Art Sections. English Club, take notice.

The Sunday Editions of the "New York Times" are very large. They have a great deal of general news and many special sections.

The "World Tomorrow", published monthly by "Time", and the "Municipal Record", published weekly in San Francisco, will be of great help to the people in the political science class.

"Hygeia" is a very interesting magazine for the physiology classes.

The "Pan-American" magazine was suspended for two or three months, but is now coming again.

"Design", published by the publishers of the "Keramic Studio", is very valuable to the art classes.

"Drama" has been subscribed for, but has not yet arrived.

STAGE WHISPERS

Mr. Stage, won't you tell us
More things that you know—
Things that have happened here
Not long ago?

—And so he continues.

Yo, ho, ho for a jolly time! Oriental maids and slaves and villains—what not? One may be anything that he isn't really, when in my domain he chances to stray. Presto! and I have made him over—temporarily of course, for he must always change back into his real self again. That's my way—and what fun I have.

It was on the twenty-fourth of July, I believe (You summer session students remember), when I realized that a bzz-bzz was going on beyond in the hall. "Hm, something doing, something doing," I thought. A merry person ran across me and looked beyond the curtain which shuts me in from all eyes when I am not changing people into something else.

"Good!" she said. "A crowded auditorium—lots of familiar faces—lots of faces that we are beginning to know—and all are happy. There's Doctor Lehman (isn't he wonderful!) and Doctor Rypins, chatting by the door. And there's—Oh, gracious!—it's time for me to talk." And she stepped out and gave the welcoming speech. Oh, yes, she is Miss Yolanda Yetter, our energetic little president, and she had arranged the program that followed.

First we heard Kathleen O'Neil sing two charming songs, "Pale Moon" and "Waters of Minnetonka." Pearl Boyden and Marjorie Morrish, both very talented, accompanied her on the piano and violin. Soon after, I felt the lightest of steps—someone gaily tripping over me. It was dainty Miss Whitehead of our faculty, who gave several delightful interpretive dances.

And last—but not least—"The Shepherd in the Distance", a pantomime, and all done to rhythm. Ha, ha! Do you remember the raging beggar who shook her fists at everything in general, and the beautiful princess who mesmerized the two old villains (Muriel Donelson and Urania Moran) in order to save the graceful shepherd boy who lay cruelly bound and chained? That was Marian Brune. The princess was Ribia King, and the beggar, Margaret Hickey. The three slaves were Mary Jane Garrison, Ada Aebli, and Elsie Abel.

It was great fun, and when the hall had emptied of the merry crowd, I thought, "Hurry and prepare another program, for that is what I live for". And sure enough the very next week, the Opera and Pageantry class, directed by Miss Bartlett (another of our summer session instructors), presented to a thronged auditorium, "The History of Music Pageant". Mr. Dennis' A Capella Choir and Mr. Blakesley's singing class added much to it. The Pageant dealt with the progression of music through the ages and

the singing was interspersed with dancing and pantomime. The "Puritan Singing School" conducted by Mr. Dennis was quite clever. The representation of the Spirit of America, and the different national dances brought the Pageant to a fitting close.

And now we have so many things to look forward to. I mean to be kept as busy as you'll let me. Miss Casbolt's dramatic class plans to have a program of Stuart Walker and Dunsany plays quite soon. And talk about "Romance"! Wait until you see "The Romancers", which is being prepared.

I hear an enraptured lover reading a tale of love to his adored Sylvette. Aha—he is sitting on the top of the garden wall. Enter the two fathers, a villain, a wicked plot, and—but wait. Soon you'll see it—the glow of a warm moonlight night, and the romance of it all!

The children in the Training School are determined not to be outdone by you and are busily engaged too. How do such titles as "The Enchanted Garden", "The Silver Thread", "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil", "The Pied Piper of Hamelin", and "Scenes from Dickens" appeal to you? Who says that seven year olds don't know how to be dashing princes?

And now I will leave you

And say **adieu**;

You'll hear from me later.

Each one of you.

CORA SPONDENT'S LETTER

Dear Cookie:

How has the world been treating you? It has been four weeks since last I heard anything of you. There is so much to talk about I hardly know where to begin. Suppose I start with the faculty.

Miss Leutscher returned to school, just bubbling over with new ideas. She certainly had a wonderful time in the East, but said it was good to get back to her girls.

Miss McEadden left the fifth of August for Alaska. Her classes are continuing with their work during her absence.

Mr. Valentine, who was with us in summer school, is now a permanent member of our faculty. He certainly has some wonderful plans for the future. You remember I told you he came from the Fresno Teachers' College. He was principal of the training department and was also instructor in education and logic.

Oh, Cookie! We have four new members on our faculty now. Two of them are supervisors in the Training department and the other two are instructors in the Collegiate department.

Miss Mcutt and Miss Turner are very enthusiastic over our Training School and the system we use. Miss Mcutt instructs in the Kindergarten while Miss Turner supervises the high primaries.

Mr. Butler comes from the Teachers' College at Columbia University. He and Mr. Mundt are going on with some of Mr. Hoover's work, although Mr. Butler is trying out a new system in the Economic Geography classes.

Of course you remember our Mrs. Billingsly. She has taken a leave of absence for a year, and is devoting her time to her daughter in Arizona.

Miss Kenagy is working at the University of Iowa.

And, oh! some more news, Cookie! Mr. Hoover, who, you know, left before Summer School, is teaching at the Berkeley High School, and is working for his degree at the University at the same time.

You'd like Mrs. Craig, Mrs. McCauley and Miss Leutscher with their short locks, and I'll let you in on a deep secret. One other member of our faculty is seriously thinking of having her beautiful tresses removed. Can you guess which one? Be patient. I'll tell you in my next letter.

Yours until next time, Cora.

GRADUATES

On August fourth, a class of thirty-four girls graduated. We all hope that they will meet with success in the schools to which they have gone or will go.

Elizabeth Bell, Mary O'Farrell, and Helen Truitt will teach in Sonoma County. Margaret Cavanaugh and Ottila Dorffel are at Oakley, Contra Costa County. Margaret has a fourth and fifth grade and also has charge of the physical education. Ottila has a second and third grade and has charge of the music. Antoinette Davini has gone to Point Reyes, Marin County. She has all the grades from the first through the eighth. Gertrude Kolord has gone to Contra Costa County. Ruth Nelson to Emeryville. Thelma Starr to Taft, Madelyn Van Horn to Crow Canyon, Mameda County. Fonda Wolfe to Martinez, Helen Burns to Concord, Olga Frey to Hayward, and Marce Pohle to Redwood City. Laura Goodwin and Arline Pieper were placed in San Francisco. Virginia Wilson has gone to Napa where she is a drawing supervisor. The one who is going farthest from us is Jane O'Brien. She will probably be in the Hawaiian Islands. Margaret Derham received a Kindergarten-Primary diploma. Now she is with us again and is working for her Elementary diploma.

The following girls graduated, but we do not know where they were placed. If anyone knows, will she please leave a note in the Vigilante Box? Dorothy Andrews, Neva Brennan, Anna Dowling, Eunice Hegue, Margaret Hallowell, Mildred Harber, Amelia Hofman, Josephine Hilton, Teresa O'Shea, Dena Robinson, Helen Wollang, Evelyn Jensen Bartle, Miriam Elasser, Ellazene Pride, and Helen Wreden.